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wholly unaware. His judgments are often keen, as when he says: "All three were vain, and kept down by no modesty. Townshend knew his superiority over all men, and talked of it; Fox showed that he thought as well of himself; Burke endeavoured to make everybody think so of him. Burke had most ambition, but little judgment; Townshend no judgment, and most vanity; Fox most judgment in his speeches, and none of Townshend's want of courage and truth." But a deep penetrating insight into men and events we can hardly say that Walpole possessed.

JAMES W. TUPPER.

THE LIFE OF JOAN OF ARC. By Anatole France, a translation by Winifred Stevens, in two volumes; 477 pp. + 26 pp. of appendices; edited by Frederick Chapman. London: The Bodley Head. New York: John Lane Company.

These two volumes constitute one of the works put out in the series of translations edited by Frederick Chapman and printed by the John Lane Company. Many of the books of Anatole France have already been presented to the English reading world in this most attractive form, and we may hope for more the following year. They are most carefully printed and in binding and typography would grace the shelves of a bibliophile. The books are large but light and easy to handle, and the type is clear and delightful to read. The greatest pains have been exercised on the proof-reading, and there are very few mistakes to be found in the text.

In regard to the translation, it is easy and flowing and in general reproduces with sufficient exactness the spirit of the original, though there are certain inaccuracies which I regret to note. For instance, in the earlier part of the first volume, the translator gives the titles of respect which Anatole France with exaggerated courtesy affects for his Saints, male and female. This may be well-advised or not on the part of the author, but there is no reason for using these at the outset of the work and then dropping them later as if familiarity had in fact begotten contempt for these Saints of blessed memory. Apparently for no good reason "Monseigneur Saint Marcoul" becomes plain

"Saint Marcoul," and "Madame Sainte Catherine" becomes plain "Saint Catherine." Why also do we have sometimes "Sainte Marguerite," sometimes "Saint Margaret," for one and the same character? We also find that Jeannette becomes Jeanne, Messire is translated now as Messire, now as My Lord. Such lapses I consider unfortunate, for they help to destroy the original savor of the French which it should be the care of the conscientious translator to preserve as far as possible. Again, I question if it is desirable for a work purporting to be a translation to omit whole sentences for any reason, as on page 32 or page 460 of the first volume. Possibly, however, these are merely an oversight.

Moreover, there are some inaccuracies in translation indicating haste in preparation and indifference to meaning; *accoler les genoux* is translated "kiss the feet;" the *avers* of a shield is said to be the "reverse;" *ses mendiants*, Vol. I, p. 345 is translated "mendicants," meaning probably "mendicant friars." But this gives a false idea, for the reference is to the Franciscans who accompanied Joan constantly and who would be able to use holy water efficaciously. In Vol. I, p. 66, *castoiment des filles* is translated "chastising," where, however, the word is evidently used in the old-French sense of "training" or "instruction." *En Croupe* is given as "on horseback," and so on. In many cases such inadvertance helps to destroy the delicious bouquet of France's writing.

In its original form, the book has been rather unkindly handled by certain critics, for the reason that they have demanded of it what it was not and what it could never be. It is indeed curious that the two best known biographies of Joan of Arc should have come, one from the most extravagant of American humorists, Mark Twain, and the other from the most delicately ironical and skeptical of modern French impressionists, Anatole France. "Maistre" Anatole France has not hitherto claimed public attention as a historian. We know him as a poet, a critic, a philosopher, a novelist, a publicist, but one may be all this and not be a good historian. The characteristics displayed in such volumes as *le Crime de Sylvestre Bonnard*, *Thaïs*, *la Rôtisserie de la Reine Pédauque*, and *la Vie Littéraire*, are

imagination, subjectivity, literary acumen, a delicate humor, and an evasive but none the less absolute skepticism in matters of religion. This skeptical spirit makes itself felt in biting irony or in sly ridicule cast on religious prejudice and belief on all possible occasions. The subjects which appeal to France as matter for romance are most varied, but it is human life and man working out his problem of existence that interest him specially, as in *Jean Servien*. One of the most charming and perfect productions in French literature is *le Crime de Sylvestre Bonnard*, in which the author depicts an old scholar and his deep interest in an orphan girl whose mother he had once loved. He carries the child off from a boarding-school where she was unhappy and marries her to an irreproachable young man. But the series of political novels are not so characteristic of his best vein, as they discuss problems of which the interest has passed, and as the *roman à thèse* is not the medium in which France can use his power to advantage.

In criticism, France does not apply any accepted standard to the work he may have under consideration; he simply gives his impression received as he reads, and he does not guarantee that this impression will not change to-morrow. It was on this ground that he came to an issue with Brunetière, the great conservative representative of classic tradition. The quality which France has always seemed to do without easily is a certain earnestness which is inevitable when an author becomes absorbed in his subject and speaks from heartfelt conviction. France is indulgent, tolerant of the opinions of others, skeptical, indifferent, never absorbed. He has been influenced strongly by Renan's tone of mind, but he is no convert to Renan's favorite study. Up to recent times he has professed a distrust of history, for, says he, the historian is guided always by his personal feeling, and being incapable of deciding without prejudice, he is likely to be deceived in his conclusions. France relies on his intuition, which is exquisite, in all questions of taste and morality.

What, then, would you imagine history to become in the hands of this *raffiné*, this impressionist, this elegant skeptic? Nothing serious, in all probability. His work will be a result of curiosity in which the author will take interest and amusement.

He will treat the religious phase of his subject with good-humored tolerance and some ridicule. He will proceed through his subject in an easy fashion, finding as much charm in the detail as in the whole, which in a measure will cause his result to lose its proportions. This is just what has happened with his volumes on Joan of Arc. The author's lack of depth or earnestness of feeling has caused him, quite unconsciously I believe, to treat the ill-fated maid with a good-natured indulgence. He tries to explain all phenomena from the standpoint of material things, and in this way, fails to convey to us an adequate sense of the divine mission of the heroine, or the important part played by the superstition of the day. The Saints who occupy so large a place in the early life of Joan before she left Domremy are treated with mock respect, and Saint Margaret and Saint Catherine become the butt for the shafts of the author. Not that there is any tangible offense offered; it is all suggested, as where, to hide the broad grin, he greets them with a low bow, "Madame Saint Margaret," "Madame Saint Catherine." "Many times had Jeanne seen Madame Saint Marguerite at church, painted life size, a holy water sprinkler in her hand, her feet on a dragon's head, etc. Madame Sainte Catherine whose coming the angel had announced to Jeanne as that of Madame Sainte Marguerite, etc. This fine lady was no stranger to Jeanne. She had her church at Maxey, etc. My Lord Saint Michael the archangel did not forget his promise. The ladies Saint Catherine and Saint Margaret came as he had said, etc. When she saw them appear, in a ray of light, coming down from heaven, shining and clad like queens, with gold crowns on their heads, wearing rich and precious jewels, the village maiden crossed herself devoutly, and curtsied low. And because they were ladies of good breeding they returned her salutation." It might be urged that this was an effort to suggest the naïve temper of the period but the result belittles the subject matter. Such examples may be found constantly throughout the book. As a consequence, the rôle of Joan is so reduced as to make her appear as a simpleton, a tool in the hands of the ecclesiastical party, directed by a clever, scheming priest. This is evidently the author's conviction, though he does not say who this priest

is. Such a proposition is startling, to say the least, and has already provoked a stout and well-founded protest from the pen of Andrew Lang (*Scottish Historical Review*, 1908, p. 411).

The delight which France takes in all matters of curious interest leads him at times to spend excessive space on topics which are kindred, to be sure, but which distract and tire the attention; for example, in the analysis of the opinions of Gelu, or of Gerson, as well as in numerous other passages where his pen wanders unrestrained by other considerations than those of a leisurely literary artist.

If you approach the book with the hope of finding a succinct, accurate account of the incidents in the life of this greatest of French heroines, you will be disappointed; but no one familiar with France's tone of mind and previous work could have been very sanguine of such a discovery. What you will find, however, are beautiful sympathetic descriptions of natural scenery, for France visited all of the localities connected with the development of his story, as in the charming pictures of the fields of Champagne and the country around Domremy; Joan in the garden when her voices first speak to her; wonderful dramatic presentations of scene and incident, as in the capture of the fort des Tourelles at Orleans, or in the attack on Paris; dignified and pathetic revelations in the life of Joan as in the consecration of King Charles VII at Rheims, or in the account of the final trial and death of the Maid. The most delicate charm of the work is the delicious point of view of the writer,—his underlying humor, his tolerant easy philosophy of life,—which pervades the whole production from cover to cover.

Read it! but not as a historical presentation of the life and times of the unfortunate Joan of Arc. Read it as a detached work of art, as another exponent of the tone and touch of one of the most brilliant and characteristic French minds of the present time, to be kept on the shelf with *Thaïs*, *la Rôtisserie de la Reine Pédauque*, and *le Crime de Sylvestre Bonnard*.

PHILIP OGDEN.